

P L A I N T R U T H,

I N

P L A I N E N G L I S H.

A

S A T I R E.

By a P L A I N M A N, in a P L A I N D R E S S.

PRIME MINISTERS *in* CRAFT, *are pretty ev'n* ;
But, unto FEW, the ABLE TALENT's giv'n.

L O N D O N :

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PLAIN TRUTH,

I N

PLAIN ENGLISH.

WHILE EUROPE'S trembling with tumult'ous Throes,
Lab'ring convulsive—big with human Woes!
BRITANNIA pities, and her STATESMEN plod,
And, while she weeps, they govern as they—nod;
Their LOVE of COUNTRY is a COUNTRY SEAT—
On wholesome Soil upon a LARGE ESTATE—
Whose annual Rent may bring Ten Thousand Pound—
Besides commanding all the Country round:
This LOVE of COUNTRY!—*Softly* they proclaim—
This MASK for COUNTRY!—is their open Shame!
The unstrain'd LAWS, which make TRUE BRITONS brave,
Support no Murders—nor no Murd'ers save;
But every Judge, under the SOVEREIGN HAND,
Distributes, as he pleases, through the Land!

And,

And, ev'ry Day fresh Instances we see
 Of *Lawyers Candor*!—*Judges Lenity*!—
 No servile Fav'rites—Nor no *Flatt'rer's Cant*:
 No Murmurs from the *Multitudes in Want*!
 All's *Friendship with the Council of the State*;
 All freely think—and all as free debate;
 No *Int'rest* governs—No *fallacious Smile*—
 No *foul Hands shaken*—No *Intent of Guile*—
 All is *serene*—all *Parties reconcil'd*—
 Save some unruly *Scotchmen* mad and wild,
 Who chuckle at the *BRITONS'* great Distress;
 And thrive without one *VIRTUE* they profess!
 Indeed their *VICES* ne'er gain'd more *Repute*—
 Than now—by praising the licentious B***.
Whatever is, is right!—How wrong, *Dan. POPE*?
 Whoever writes the *Truth*—*deserves a Rope*!
 So far we're safe—so far as we, have gone:
 There's but one worthy *SCOT*—each *SCOT* that *ONE*!

Such Whims induce th' uninspir'd Bard
 To write as *Thoughts* arise, without *Reward*;
 Without due *Order*, drops them from his *Pen*,
 To shew them to a *Race* of *retchless Men*;
 Expects their *Censure*, but contemns their *Praise*,
 Accepts of none but from the *Faggot's Blaze*,
 When *Paper*, *Print* and *Thoughts* may all *conspire*,
 To scorch the *GUILTY* with *infernal Fire*;
 Cause *PLUTO'S Self*, with *red-hot Firebrand*,
 To mark the *Front* of *Villains* through the *Land*;

Deny

Deny them wholesome Water, wholesome Air;
 Remorseless drive them into fell Despair,
 That CERBERUS, Hell's Dog!—may dreadful howl,
 Or bark incessant at each guilty Soul.

Ye cruel WICKED!—think not this severe;
 The GODS discern—and know you're Villains here:
 Real MEN of MERIT your mean Ways disclaim—
 And hold you in Contempt—the NATION's Shame!
 But cunning LAWYERS, by Experience wise,
 Follow the MODE by which such Villains rise!

In that SCOTCH CLOSET—kept from BRITONS Eyes,
 The FATE of both the ENGLANDS snugly lies;
 There Schemes on Schemes are unsuspected, plann'd;
 And Men discarded that might Praise—command!
 There CREATURES of the THANE, by CRAFT, put in,
 Unworthy ev'ry TRUST—but that of SIN!
 There Taxes are contriv'd to raise SUPPLIES;
 And, if but mention'd—into MILLIONS rise!
 The Merchant's Profits, and the Tradesman's too,
 With wilful Waste OECONOMISTS run thro';
 Regardless whence or where—they snatch the Gold,
 Whether from ENGLAND NEW, or ENGLAND OLD;
 Whether Ten Thousand Men their Country fly,
 Or, like TRUE BRITONS stay, and starving, die:
 INDIFF'RENCE stands upon their FRONT confess'd;
 And, they rise higher, as you sink, depress'd.

In that same CLOSET they command the MINT,
 The weighty BANK!—and all the People in't!

B.

E'en

E'en ASIA's Self unlocks her Di'mond Store,
 PERU and MEXICO their richest Ore;
 Both ART and NATURE choicest PLENTY brings,
 From diff'rent Quarters, to these NAMELESS THINGS!

In vain such Blessings has kind Heav'n allow'd,
 If on th' UNWORTHY they must be bestow'd;
 If meek-ey'd INNOCENCE must fall a Prey,
 And specious Virtue, VIRTUE's Self betray;
 If MERIT, unrewarded, Years must wait,
 Attend his Grace's Levee, and his Gate;
 When 'tis well known his PROMISES he'd SELL,
 And GIVE Knaves PLACES that can PAY him well;
 For PLACES, PENSIONS—any Kind of Thing—
 To him are *worth the Money that they bring*:

Would one not think that HEAV'N in JUSTICE meant—
 Such Villains should not live nor die content?

Ye pow'rful MIGHTY!—Ye unfeeling GREAT!
 With how much Ease you can the People cheat?
 How easy ROYAL GOODNESS you abuse:
 And, what the Subjects legal ask, refuse?
 Can Pow'r with ARROGANCE, as you surmise—
 Give you BRIAREUS' Hands and ARGUS' Eyes?
 Can you arrange the SENATORIAL BAND
 As common Soldiers, at your dread Command?
 The Thought alone, must INDIGNATION fire;
 And BRITISH FREEDOM through the WORLD inspire.

Why buz, from time to time, the Royal Ear
 With something bad?—*To cover conscious Fear!*

My Lord of BLANK wants *this*—Lord *Dash*, wants that—
 And *such-a-one* should have the Chancery Hat:
 Your Friend has Talents most amazing great!
 Another deep in all Affairs of State!
 So full of Wisdom!—back'd with such a Tongue!—
 Can lead the House, when wanted, right or wrong:
 There is another—most exceeding wise;
 Can raise TEN MILLIONS for next Year's Supplies:
 But, on whatever SUM your FRIENDS may fix,
 For ev'ry Two that's wanted—they'll raise Six.

'Tis thus—and thus—the royal Youth you 'muse,
 Broach false OPINION—public FAITH abuse:
 By different CRAFT the royal Mind ensnare,
 Which proves what Servants of the CROWN you are!—
 The GOVERNMENT's consign'd—as to your TRUST;
 Then why not, as its meant, rule nobly just?
The Weight is heavy—and lies all on you—
 Like a pack'd Jury---*honest men and true!*
 The foremost man, appointed to the Lead---
 Conceives in Heart---but utters from the Head;
 The Heart and Head each other often greet;
 But, like two equal Lines, can never meet:
 Thus *Int'rest* governs---thus, great Men are bred!
 Thus, ev'ry Heart's corrupted from the Head.

If such real Facts, sketch out what's really true,
 They're not design'd to mean Lord *Dash*, nor you;
 You're neither known by either Gait or Face;
 Therefore Acquaintance might bring some Disgrace;

But,

But, if you think one Line is something like---
That hits your Baseness, or your Conscience strike,
Blame not the Draftsman, who is BRITAIN'S Friend;
And, if you're guilty---learn from GUILT to mend.

Since INT'REST is the IDOL Knaves revere---
And MONEY, basely got, may make a Peer;
Since SOCIAL VIRTUES are the Statesman's Bane,
And VICES so much worshipp'd in the THANE;
How can PLAIN HONESTY expect to thrive,
By justifying TRUTH in FORTY-FIVE?

When, in that Year, the SCOTS rebellious grown,
Were murd'ring ENGLISHMEN to gain the CROWN;
And, tho' so late, those Murders seem forgot---
Since ROYAL FAITH's concenter'd in a SCOT.
Now BRITISH TRUTH at Court's become a Drug;
A nasty stroling Strumpet in a Rug;
So starv'd with Hunger---wretched and forlorn---
That peddling SCOTCHMEN laugh her unto Scorn:
For if to catch a Crust, she deigns to try,
There's twenty haughty SCOTS to push her by;
With saucy INSOLENCIE they talk and thrust,
To chouse the starving STRUMPET of the CRUST!

Tho' BRITISH TRUTH at Court's compell'd to yield---
With VALOUR, she's undaunted in the Field,
Sincere in Battle---with a CONSCIENCE clear,
She dreads no Danger---nor knows little Fear:
VALOUR and SHE gain Generals Renown,
And their Success secures the BRITISH CROWN;

Tho'

Tho' 'tis too frequent that STATE MOLES at COURT,
 Treat TRUTH as FOLLY—VALOUR as their SPORT !
 As neither one nor t'other fill their Breasts,
 Both TRUTH and VALOUR are their standing Jest ;
 And, notwithstanding both so much deserve,
 Without STRONG INT'REST both may want and starve !

Yet foreign Pimps and Flatt'ers bear a Price,
 Just in Proportion as they're train'd in VICE ;
 And, if they happen of the Spaniel Breed,
 To lick the Spittle as they fawn and feed,
 No PAY is thought too much, nor TRUST too high,
 They live like Princes—but like Scoundrels, die !

The meanest Race of Men strong INT'REST binds ;
 And to Excesses lead of monstrous Kinds—
 One has an Int'rest not to use his Sight ;
 Another, one superior—not to fight :
 Some have an INT'REST not to see nor hear,
 Nor know the Taste of Partridge from a Deer ;
 All SENSES forfeit—and all TRUST betray,
 And ransack private Houses at Noon-Day ;
 By Force seize Papers !—and, with daring Pride,
 Steal private Memorandums you would hide !
 Charge you with BLASPHEMY, they can't define !
 Court SONS of SODOM with my Lord to dine !
 No VIEW but what this ruthless Race possess ;
 Made up of crimson'd Crimes of Wickedness !
 To VIRTUE, Strangers !---Of a Dunghill Birth !---
 They live contemn'd---like Vagrants of the Earth.

Such TOOLS as these, compose a Statesman's TRIBE,
 Who risque their SOULS for PLACES or a BRIBE;
 So bent to evil and mischievous Ends---
 Betray their Father, Brother, and their Friends;
 No VICE they stop at through their sinful Lives;
 Pimp for their Daughters, and let out their Wives!
 By such mean Miscreants the STATE's o'er-run;
 And, by their flagrant VICES, near undone!

How have the bribed People been amus'd?
 And how by Sycophants of State abus'd?
 How, at Elections, are they bought and sold;
 As ONE Return cost near a Ton of Gold!
 The Parties *deep concern'd*—being struck with FEAR—
 Doubted its Justness—and then made a Peer!

Oh! paltry BRITONS!—worse than SCOTTISH ELVES!
 First sell your COUNTRY, and then sell YOURSELVES!
 In Government you've Part—Part of the Whole—
 The KING and PEERS the BODY—you, the SOUL;
 You sell your SOULS—then, fiend-like, muttering say,
 Your FREEDOM and your RIGHTS are flown away!
 When, Plague confound you, you have touch'd the Gold,
 For which your FREEDOM and your RIGHTS were sold!

See prostituted LEARNING cringe and fawn,
 To gain a PENSION---or the SLEEVES of LAWN:
 See ancient MANSIONS fritter'd through Excess!
 And many Thoufands starving with DISTRESS!
 See conscious MERIT patiently submit---
 To hear my Lord's bald Jokes, and half-fledg'd Wit:

See

See foreign Slaves to fav'rite Servants' rise;
And rustic Natives kick'd---that won't tell Lies.

How arrogant of late the SCOTCH are grown?
Claiming the RIGHTS of ENGLISHMEN their own!
They're turn'd DICTATORS--- and assume to teach
What we should speak to-day---to-morrow preach:
No ENGLISHMEN so learned as the CREW
Employ'd as CRITICS in the SCOTCH REVIEW;
These are the WITS!--All bless'd with SECOND SIGHT!
That *censure*' ere they *read* what others *write*;
By certain SYLPHS they get INTELLIGENCE;
Then dash it with the PEN of IMPUDENCE!
Praise Books they've Interest in, with bare-fac'd Puff;
And, if no way concern'd---*damn'd Nonsense!*---*Stuff!*
On others Ruin, fain themselves would raise;
And *bonnily* they damn---when they should praise;
They will find Fault---through ARROGANCE or SPITE;
And slur the Language that they cannot write.

But long the SCOTCH in ENGLAND have been fed;
And have, from Day to Day, their daily Bread;
From Day to Day, we are by them deceiv'd;
And yet, from Day to Day, they are believ'd!
In ev'ry House in Town, where Coffee's sold,
You'll find them vain, and arrogantly bold;
And tho' a BRITON scarcely knows a Fear,
I've seen a SCOTCHMAN frequent over bear---
Assume the HERO---and broad *Scotch* pronounce,
And call my Brother BRITON---Blockhead! Duncel

Pretend

Pretend to know, what's only known to FATE—
 The *secret Springs* and *Movements* of the STATE!
 Prognosticate EVENTS of what's to come—
 As---“ *that Lord B*** would bring his Fav'rite home.*”
 Must we be govern'd---or, by them be thrash'd?
 Or, through B***'s Sides, with Iron Rods be lash'd?
 Forbid it Pow'r DESPO'!---We'll not submit---
 Nor grant the SCOTCH more COURAGE nor more WIT:
 And tho' their INT'REST ev'ry Day grows strong,
 Their Pow'r grows wanton, and their JUDGMENT wrong;
 Their PRIDE is INSOLENCE; their JUSTICE, GUILT!
 Their Hearts are harden'd, and their Eyes ne'er melt;
 Their WILLS tyrannic!---not devoid of FEAR!---
 They judge like JEFF'RIES---wicked as severe!
 And those that dare oppose---or doubt their Pow'r,
 To NEWGATE may be sent, KING'S-BENCH, or Tow'r!
 They are our CHIEFS!---What?---not with CHIEFS comply?
 Then in a Dungeon linger---starve---or die!

How would the People FIENDS of VENGEANCE dread---
 Was JEFF'RIES living---and, was CAMDEN dead?
 Good Lawyers who'd be *popular* and *great*---
 Pay no REGARD to MINISTERS of STATE;
 The LAWS must be obey'd---and not their WILL!
 Their WILL imprisons!---Won't a PRISON kill?

Thus Ministerial Pow'r runs or creeps,
 Sometimes so slow---it sinks into the Deeps;
 Sometimes as rapid moves as Beams of Light,
 That sudden rush upon the Point of Sight,

Brings

Brings sudden Dulness to our aching Eyes;
 And, in as short a Space, as sudden flies,
 To Colonies remote new PEERS must roam;
 For PLACES can't be found for all at home;
 Dukes, Earls and Lords are made so very fast,
 Pray Heav'n our BRITISH HONOUR long may last;
 And that true BRITISH GLORY ne'er may fail—
 Nor BRITISH PEERAGE be put up to Sale;
 May bounteous Heav'n with our Request comply,
 And guard our NOBLE PEERS from Infamy!
 Let faithless France, whom HONOUR seldom ties,
 Break through all TREATIES, and forsake ALLIES;
 But never let our worst of Foes dare say,
 That BRITISH HONOUR e'er was brib'd away.

Under *pretended service* to the CROWN
 How long the REALM's been in DISORDER thrown?
 One PARTY gave the other such a Wound—
 Which tho' not cur'd—*cost ninety thousand Pound!*
 A Sum enormous!—and to gild a Crime
 That cannot be forgot *through Length of Time!*
 Much one has suffer'd—close in Prison lies—
 Tho' FORTITUDE and FRIENDS grant all Supplies—
 The Wound still twitches—and his Heart must feel
 The Dog-like Treatment of the COMMON-WEAL!
 FACTIONS ne'er rest till their own PARTIES thrive;
 And different INT'RESTS keep the CAUSE alive:
 Nothing can stop the Mischiefs each suggest;
 One wants the Heart that's in another's Breast—

With diff'rent Views—to diff'rent Points each run—
And with their Country each may be undone!

*The reigning Party—lab'ring with the State—
Are civil People---mighty wise and great!
Implicitly obey their LEADER'S Nod---
And praise all Measures as the WORK OF GOD!
They keep the CONSTITUTION firm and tight;
And serve their KING by Day—and GOD by Night!
They strain no POW'R—quite modest in their PLACE;
Nor on their Country bring the least DISGRACE!
These are the Men, give Lustre to a CROWN!
Deserve—great Fortunes, Honour and Renown!*

Tho' no one CROWN with brighter GLORIES shone,
Nor VIRTUES e'er more ROYAL grac'd a THRONE,
(Unless King-Craft, a VIRTUE you would rate,
Which ne'er exists but with a falling State,
But, Thanks to Heav'n—our State was ne'er more high;
For we, on Wings despotic, seem to fly.—)
Sometimes THIS PARTY—treat it as a screen,
To be remov'd as they'd be heard or seen;
Assume such Pow'r—such Craft—such subtle Wit!
Nefarious LAWYERS tremble and submit!
To their Behests—submissively will bend—
Have wink'd to save—the MURDERER of my Friend!

No Vengeance yet upon the GUILTY'S laid;
But unatton'd, still wanders ALLEN'S Shade!
His Parents are deny'd to mark the Ground,
Where their dear Boy's Remains are to be found!

Inhuman

Inhuman Stretch of Pow'r!—Oh! conscious GUILT!
 You cannot hide from Heav'n the Blood that's spilt:
 Tho' now his Monument disorder'd lies,
 Against his Parents mournful House 'twill rise,
 That ev'ry BRITON as he passes by,
 May drop a Tear, or breathe a tender Sigh!—
 Astonished shudder at the ORDERS giv'n—
 That contradict THE WRITTEN LAWS OF HEAV'N!

In free-made Nations, VIRTUE should prevail,
 And TRUTH with JUSTICE hold th' impartial SCALES;
 As TRUTH is naked—and fair JUSTICE blind—
 Both should be sacred held by all Mankind.
 The virtuous poor, with honest Hearts will join
 To save their LIBERTY—or LIFE resign!
 While such as lead the patriotic HERD,
 Seek PRIVATE INT'REST as a just Reward.

See wanton CRUELTY the Poor oppress;
 And whom the *Good* relieve, the *Bad* distress!
 Untaught to feel—they never sympathize
 With Widow's Tears, nor Infant's mournful Cries:
 Altho' their Coffers with filch'd Wealth runs o'er,
 The PUBLIC must be filch'd each Day for more:
 Infatiate AV'RISE keeps them always scant—
 And, in the Midst of ev'ry PENURY, want!

VIRTUE scorns BRIBES;—but smiles, pursu'd by FATE;
 And seems most lovely, when the Danger's great;
 The more distress'd—the more immortal FAME
 Records her FORTITUDE and deathless Name.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE and FORTITUDE with PATIENCE wait!

Serene receive the Ax, or Sword of State.

To you, GREAT HOUSE of LIBERTY!—we bend;

On you our COMFORT or DISTRESS, depend:

To you, with Fervency, we ardent pray,

In hopes that you, upon some future Day,

Will all our Grievances, with Joy, redress,

And all despotic Statesmen's Crimes, repress;

No matter how distinguish'd, or how great

The Wretches are that wreck the troubled State:

If, on Inquiry, you their GUILT can reach,

Pray Heav'n you may RESOLVE—and them impeach—

So rid the Land of Knaves that live by TAX—

And bring them to the Gibbet—or the Ax.

But, such as have on BRITAIN'S CREDIT prey'd,

Or taken foreign BRIBES, or TRUST betray'd—

As Traitors treat—and their Intestines fry—

And as they trait'rous liv'd—should Traitors die!

There seems no other Way to clear the Land

Of rank-grown Statesmen and their ruthless Band!

And oh!--superior HOUSE of NOBLED PEERS!

Have some Compassion on BRITANNIA'S Tears;

You are RIGHT NOBLE, like our SOV'REIGN, good!

And Greatness is inherent in your Blood!

Look at her pallid Checks---her deep-funk Eyes---

Hear her sad Groans---and her lamenting Sighs!

See!--How distracted through the Isle she runs---

And, ev'ry Place in POVERTY, she shuns!

From

From House to Cot, she skims through noxious Air,
 Finding great WANT---where us'd to be good Cheer!
 Tho' the last Harvest was with Plenty crown'd,
 Which from all Countries stands confess'd and own'd,
 Still WANT and HUNGER drain our Vitals dry;
 And, in a LAND of LUX'RY, starving, die!

Ye worthy FEW!—Ye virtuous GOOD and GREAT!
 See, hear—redress GREAT-BRITAIN's wretched State!
 Believe no Tales from greedy selfish ELVES—
 Who'd starve the World to cram their darling Selves!
 Examine strictly where the EVIL lies—
 And you will find it in MONOPOLIES!
 In ev'ry Article of Food that's eat—
 There is not ONE but where you'll find some Cheat!

If to AMERICA we turn our Eyes—
 We see DISORDER in CONFUSION rise!
 Murmurs on Murmurs ev'ry Day declare
 Impending Ruin—or a Civil War!
 SHE and BRITANNIA shake their fetter'd Hands---
 And would---but dare not---break their iron Bands!
 Equal in INT'REST---were their FRIENDSHIP true---
 They might, if so dispos'd, the World subdue!
 Their Commerce rich, from Pole to Pole extend;
 And, by FAIR DEALING, make the World their Friend.

But MAMMON DEALERS---or our FATES decree
 That neither EMPIRES ever shall be FREE:
 These STATE DISTURBERS---with all MIGHT and POW'R---
Pretend to serve but only to devour!

'Tis they alone---that lay a *Stumbling-Stone*
 T' obstruct an *easy Passage* to the THRONE!
 By ev'ry artful Means---or artful 'Guise,
 Whisper---that *Thousands soon in Arms will rise!*
 That *such* Precautions *must* be ta'en in Time---
 To cover VIEWS remote---and shade their CRIME!
 From ev'ry ACT of VIRTUE wild they run---
 And ev'ry ACT of PUBLIC SERVICE---shun!
 Schemes follow Schemes, to fetter, or enslave
 The FRIENDS to BRITAIN---either FREE---or BRAVE!

How soon are Troops to ENGLAND New convey'd!
 While ENGLAND OLD, has lost her mighty Trade!
 Both OLD and New are both at ONCE oppress'd;
 While Knaves grow wealthy---as each grows distress'd!
 By ACTS of CRUELTY make BOTH obey---
 And, in a WILD of INT'REST---both betray!
 Both RIGHTS and PRIVILEGES may seize---or sell---
 And, if oppos'd---bawl out---that *both* rebel!
 Through HUNGER and DISTRESS---when many meet---
 A PRIVATE ORDER kills them in the Street!
 Witness a Widow's Tears, and Orphans Cries---
 Imploring present Vengeance from the Skies!

Why were we BRITONS born and BRITONS bred?
 And, why by FACTION and by AV'RICE led?
 Must we by CREATURES have our RIGHTS deny'd?
 And, when a Crime's *supposed*---not be try'd?
 How dare we MAGNA CHARTA abrogate?
To serve the PURPOSE of a factious State.

Why

Why must we SPECIAL JURIES so refuse?

*To wrong the People and the ***** abuse.*

Why not by GOD and by our COUNTRY try'd?

Our RULERS are not all to HEAV'N ally'd.

Why should they rule despotic---absolute?

*There's none can solve you but the wise Lord B*****.*

Is he the LEADER of the BRITISH BAND?

Yes, yes, you Fools!--He rules by Sea and Land.

Is he so able, learned, rich and wise?

Yes:---And all his Creatures live in Paradise!

Cannot you recommend me to his Grace?

No, no!--You're of the noble BRITISH RACE!

But had you come from t'other Side the Tweed,

And could but barely write, and barely read;

You'd want no INTEREST to make a FRIEND;

For your own ACCENT would your WORTH commend.

Ye BRITISH WORTHIES all your Pow'r exert,

Act like TRUE BRITONS—from a BRITISH Heart:

PREROGATIVE preserve—due to the CROWN;

And PRIVILEGE maintain—because your OWN:

Th' industr'ous Thousands that you represent,

Are full of Grief, Distress, and Discontent;

Study at least—some PLEASING HOPES to give—

That on those PLEASING HOPES they still may live!

Prevent, if possible, their Rage—their Dread!—

The Fear of wanting, for their Children, Bread!

HUNGER is sharp---and ev'ry Fence will break---

Then serve the Poor---for KING and COUNTRY's Sake!

They.

They may be wanted 'ere we may expect---
And, we may SUFFER by our OWN Neglect.

Suppose JOHN WILKES before your JUDGMENT SEAT---
Where all MAY hear—and all as FREE debate ;
Where some late GRIEVANCES may soon be heard,
And his stain'd REPUTATION may be clear'd ;
And then behold him for his COUNTY fit
With modest ELOQUENCE, and manly WIT,
Strain ev'ry Nerve to SERVE his COUNTRY'S CAUSE—
Its LIBERTIES preserve—maintain its LAWS—
With honest TRUTH his ENEMIES confound—
And Pow'r LICENTIOUS---trample on the Ground !
Would not your BRITISH HEARTS with RAPTURES beat---
To see him gain a VICTORY compleat ?
That YOU and HE might PATHS of GLORY tread---
Be blest while living ; and, rever'd, when dead ;
Your HONOUR'D NAMES upon FAME's Record roll---
T' exult o'er TIME !---and elevate the SOUL !
That all your Childrens Children, with Applause,
Might bless the REVOLUTION and its LAWS ;
Be proud in having PARENTS brave and wise,
That SAV'D their COUNTRY---and ILLUM'd the SKIES !
Believe no Nation, like their OWN so FREE---
So blest with JUSTICE and fair LIBERTY !

But howfoe'er your Inclinations bend---
Unto your NATIVE COUNTRY be a Friend :
No matter who's a Duke, Lord, Earl, or Knight---
That laughs at Conscience !---and your NATIVE RIGHT !

Contemn

Contemn them---as if Knaves and Fools in Pay,
 Whose short Existence---lasts but for a Day!
 A CONSCIENCE free from GUILT!---a HAND that saves---
 A falling Kingdom from such Fools and Knaves---
 Deserves more Wealth, more Honour, and Renown,
 Than all *pretending* PATRIOTS of the CROWN.

Who'd forfeit HONOUR---if a worthy Lord?
 Who'd break his peaceful Rest to sell his Word?
 Who is most worthy of a NATION'S TRUST---
 My Lord of BLANK---or faithful TRUE-AND-JUST?
 All titled Fools Contempt on Peerage flings;
 And titled Knaves the Soul of *Noblesse* stings!
 'Tis GENUINE VIRTUE should make HONOUR rise
 To great Preferments---and great Dignities.

Since TITLES are debas'd as well as BLOOD;
 No Wonder then---few NOBLES are RIGHT GOOD;
 'Tis well the BAD---as having WEALTH and POW'R,
 Cannot controul our WILL---nor stop the Hour---
 The HOUR! that MUST inevitably wait
 Upon each CONSCIENCE---with *uncertain* FATE!
 Without regard to Fortune, Honour, Birth---
 And mix them with the MISCREANTS of the Earth!

This Thought might shudder---and might force a Tear,
 Or make the SOUL shrink back with *conscious* FEAR;
 PLAIN TRUTH is bold---and you may take her Word---
 She'll die TRUE BRITISH---glorious on RECORD!
 She serves both KING and COUNTRY---you, oppress---
 She lives with POVERTY:---you, on DISTRESS!

She bears the smacking Whips---the knotted Cords---
 Adjudg'd by CRUELTY, and tyrant LORDS!
 Those Pains are trifling---tho' the twisted Lash,
 At every Stroke, brings on a bleeding Gash!
 Before a FUTURE COURT---she'll soon be try'd:
 There---gain that MERCY---you *may* be deny'd.

PLAIN TRUTH's offensive---if we mention CRIMES;
 And SATIRE tingles in the smoothest Rhimes;
 But while PLAIN TRUTH is deemed VIRTUE's Friend,
 PLAIN SENSE in SATIRE---VIRTUE must commend.

Then to our gracious MONARCH turn your Eyes,
 See, how with heart-felt Care his Bosom rise!
 See on his royal Cheeks Compassion flow!
 And all the KING feel half the NATION's Woe!
 Observe with Candour his paternal Speech;
 As he instructs you---all the KINGDOM teach---
 Tho' in OPINIONS---they may various err---
 Their COUNTRY's WELFARE teach them to PREFER.

T H E E N D.